

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

NO. 87 FEBRUARY



MONTE HALE

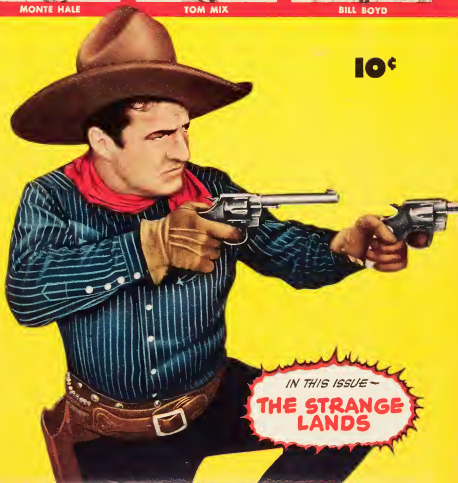


TOM MIX



BILL BOYD

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE—
**THE STRANGE
LANDS**



Baby Brownie Special Camera. Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$2.75.



Brownie Target Six-20 Camera. Brilliant vertical and horizontal view finder. Fixed-focus lens; two stops for varying light. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$5.75.



Brownie Flash Six-30 Camera. "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



Which Kodak Camera for Christmas?

Here's help in making up your mind

Looking for a camera . . . a camera for a beginner . . . for an all-out ace . . . or for someone in between?

On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Your Kodak dealer has these and other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, black shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester 4, N. Y.



Brownie Reflex Camera. Large image on the view finder gives you a preview of your pictures. So easy to make sure your snaps are composed just right. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$10.95; Flashholder, \$4.00.



Kodak Quattro Camera. Big, brilliant finder shows you your picture before you snap. Fixed focus. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. With Kodak Lens, \$12.75, including lens shield, neck strap. With Kodak Lens, \$19.45; Flashholder, \$3.55.



Brownie Hawkeye Camera. Newest Brownie lens camera. Takes 12 black-and-white, 8 full-color pictures per roll of Kodak Ektar Film. Oversize view finder. Time exposures and "B" shutter setting permit "Aah!" shots with Kodak Photo Flasher, \$5.00, Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.35.

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Kodak
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WESTERN HERO

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as their covers by the words, A LANCET PUBLICATION

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURE - BASH LARSEN WESTERN - THE MARVEL FAMILY - LAWRENCE PUNNY ANIMAL
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Every effort is made to insure that these cards magazines contain the best quality of wholesome entertainment.

Bill Boyd in **The FALSE ACCUSATION**

THE FEARLESS WANDERING
COWBOY, **THE BOYD**, IS
AWAKENED SUDDENLY AT DAWN
AS HE COMES OUT ONE NIGHT

WHAT IS
MAKING ALL THAT NOISE?
A MAN CAN'T EVEN GET
A PEACEFUL NIGHT'S SLEEP
OUT ON THE PRAIRIE
ANYMORE! WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?

YOU WON'T AS
WELL STOP TRYING
TO ESCAPE.
BARTON, YOU'RE
GONNA DIE.

PLEASE /
DON'T SMILE,
CHUCK. I'M
HOLDING YOU.

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WESTERN HERO





HOW TO GET HIM TO SHORE, PRONTO!



BUT THE BADMAN'S BULLETS HAD FOUND THEIR MARK....

TRYING TO SAVE THE DEPUTY FROM DROWNING WAS A WASTE OF TIME! THE POOR FELLOW WAS DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE WATER!



I'D BETTER NOTIFY THE LOCAL SHERIFF, MIDNITE! LET'S GO!

MEANWHILE, AT THE LOCAL JAILHOUSE...

WELL, KRUM, DID YUH GET RID OF BARTON?

BARTON'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER! NOW THERE'S NO ONE ALIVE WHO KNOWS THAT THE SHERIFF DIDN'T REALLY SWEAR YUH IN AS A DEPUTY BEFORE YUH KIDNAPPED HIM!

QUIET, YUH FOOL! SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO HEAR YUH!

TAKE IT EASY, KING! THERE'S NO ONE HERE!



ALL RIGHT, KRUM! BUT REMEMBER, AS FAR AS YUH AND I KNOW, THE SHERIFF JUST LEFT HEARTY LAST NIGHT BY HIMSELF AND NEVER CAME BACK!

I'LL REMEMBER THAT, KING!



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAT?

SOME STRANGER TRIED TO STOP ME FROM SHOOTING BARTON, BUT IT GAVE HIM THE SLIP!



YOUR FACE TURNED AS WHITE AS A GHOST! HATE THE MASTER?

IT'S THAT NERVE WHO PUT THE BULLETS THROUGH MY HAT! HE'S WEARING THIS WAY!

WESTERN HERO





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IN

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LOGGER PERIL

A RED ROAN Story

By Dick Kraus

THE mountain forest was quiet, save for the distant sound of logging crews at work.

As Red Roan watched, beside his grazing herd, the famous red stallion could hear the husky lumbermen shouting to each other. Through the forest corridors, he could see their plaid-shirted forms, as they wielded long, double-bladed axes, and sent huge trees hurtling to the forest floor. Again and again the cry "Timber!" rang over the mountainside.

It was not often that the crimson king of the herd brought his charges this close to human beings.

But this time he had a good reason. For several days, two huge, shaggy grizzlies had been following the wild horse herd! Evil-tempered and hungry, due to a shortage of game in the forest, they had plainly been planning to ambush and slay one of Red Roan's straying colts.

Several times, Red Roan had scented their presence in the forest, and had sent the herd galloping away in swift flight! One time, one of the grizzlies, lunging from behind a black-berry thicket, had taken a yearling by surprise. Luckily, Red Roan had been on the spot, and, hooves flailing, he had managed to keep the bear away long enough to permit the terrified young horse to escape!

But he realized that he could not keep this up forever. To save the herd, he would have to turn for help to the only creature that was more powerful than the great lumbering bears—to man!

"If we go where there are men," Red Roan decided, "the grizzlies will not follow us. They will not dare to attack us then!"

With this in mind, he had led the herd through the forest to a place where he knew a lumbering crew was at work. There, as the loggers worked, felling the towering giants of the mountains, Red Roan permitted his herd to rest, and graze in the forest meadows. And, with the humans close by, there seemed to be no sign of the savage grizzlies. Evidently the

great stallion's plan had worked.

Then, one day, as Red Roan nibbled the succulent young grass shoots, he saw one of the lumbermen approaching, holding a long axe in his hand.

The logger, tall and slender, paused when he saw the wild horse herd. He pushed the checked cap back on his bronzed forehead and grinned.

"Looks like we've got company," he said to himself. "Well, Minter, I won't bother you—if you don't bother me!"

WITH the herd watching warily, he selected a giant spruce tree. Planting his feet firmly, he swung the long, keen-bladed axe. It hissed through the air in a graceful arc, biting deep into the body of the tree. White chips flew out in a steady stream, as he chopped rhythmically.

For a few moments the wild horses watched the man warily. Then they returned to their grazing.

Through the afternoon, as the sun began to drop behind the highest tree-tops, the slender logger continued to work. Finally, as the base of the huge spruce grew weaker and weaker, and the top began to sway back and forth, he plunged the axe home with the vital stroke.

With a creaking sound, the giant spruce began slowly to come down.

"Timber! Timber!" the logger shouted, springing quickly out of the destructive path of the falling tree!

But, as the spruce plunged toward the ground, it hit another smaller tree. And this tree, falling, smashed against the young logger. Stunned by the force of the blow he lay pinned against a huge boulder.

With the sound of the falling tree, Red Roan had looked up, ears pricked forward. With his great dark eyes, he had seen the logger fall, trapped by the smaller tree.

Now, slowly and cautiously, the roan stallion moved toward the helpless lumberman.

He could hear the youth muttering to himself, evidently in great pain. "Trapped here . . . under tree. After work, all men go back to camp for show. Won't know I'm missing until . . . maybe tomorrow . . . maybe not even then . . ."

Many an ordinarily intelligent horse or dog might have sensed the peril that threatened the man lying there, pinned by the big spruce. They might have sensed and understood the danger, but they would not have known what to do about it. But Red Roan knew what he could do! For once one of his mares had been caught beneath a giant limb that had fallen in a windstorm. He had managed to free her—and had saved her life!

Now the graceful red stallion moved toward the man.

Putting his glossy shoulder against the fallen log, he pressed against it.

For a moment it did not move. Again he pressed, his taut muscles straining. This time, ever so little, the tree shifted. Again the king of the herd strained powerfully against the massive spruce. And again it moved—by a few inches.

Hardly daring to believe what was happening, the fallen logger looked up at Red Roan with eyes of hope.

"Keep trying, boy," he breathed. "You're getting it!"

Again Red Roan summoned all his prairie-born strength, and heaved against the log. Lying on its side, the long spruce began to turn. Now the logger's shoulder was free. Now his chest was exposed. Clutching the rough bark of the spruce with his hands, he began to press down hard in the attempt to free himself completely.

At this moment, as Red Roan gathered himself for a final effort, he suddenly heard a terror-filled neigh!

WHIRLING about, the king of the herd saw what had caused the neigh. There, but a few yards away, were several colts and mares. And, lunging toward them, from behind the screening undergrowth, were the two huge grizzly bears that had been following the herd all along. Evidently, emboldened by hunger, they had dared even to come close to man!

Now the chips were down! It was a battle for survival—a battle that Red Roan could not stay out of!

Eyes gleaming, scarlet mane fluttering behind him, the big stallion sprang toward his enemies with a furious, warning neigh. Rearing high in the air, he came down with both hooves

against the nearest bear. For a moment, the ravenous beast was forced back—but then he came on again. The odds were two to one! Two huge, tremendously powerful, razor-clawed rulers of the forest against a single defiant foe.

Back and forth over the forest floor, the battle raged.

Fighting desperately, lashing out with hammer-like hooves, and biting with his long white teeth, Red Roan managed to drive the animals off again and again. But each time, undaunted, they lumbered toward him, stubbornly determined. Soon the tall stallion's side was glossy with sweat, and the ridges of a dozen claw wounds were scored across his back. Legs growing tired, the king of the herd was gradually being forced backward by the relentless bears!

Then from the corner of his eye, Red Roan saw a gleam of gray metal whipping through the air! A cry of pain came from one of the bears. Leaping swiftly to the side, Red Roan saw the logger, half-crouched, wielding his long lumberman's axe. Working his way free from the fallen spruce, he had hobbled forward to join the red horse in battle. Again the young logger smashed the keen blade through the air—and again it struck home. Grunting in surprise, the other bear backed away!

Through tiny pig-like eyes, the two grizzlies examined their new foe.

The logger moved slowly toward them, swinging his big axe! And beside him, with fresh determination, Red Roan advanced, thankful for his ally. The two grizzlies snuffed doubtfully.

Then, as one, they turned.

Retreating at an awkward but speedy gait, they were soon out of sight in the forest.

His herd was saved! Red Roan turned to look at the man whose help had brought victory!

GRINNING, the slender logger held himself erect, using his axe as a crutch. With one unwary hand, he patted Red Roan's gleaming, arched neck.

"Thanks, Mister!" he said. "If it hadn't been for you, I reckon I'd still be under that log! And if it hadn't been for me, I reckon part of your herd might be going down the gullets of those grizzlies! Fair exchange is no robbery—but I hope we never have to do it again!"

THE END

RED ROAN appears in more exciting adventures in every issue of WESTERN HERO!







WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING? A MAN CAN'T GET TO SLEEP WITHOUT... EEEYIIII!



I'D KNOW THAT SOMEONE WHO TOSSED LEAD AT ME ANYWHERE! IT WAS MONTANA, MIKE!



BUT SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS AND GUNS STIRS ECHOES IN THE SILENT STREETS OF THREE PINES

WHILE ON THE STREET THE SHERIFF MAKES AN EQUALLY STARTLING DISCOVERY...







LONG MINUTES PASS BEFORE MONTE HALE RECOVERS FROM THE STUNNING IMPACT OF HIS FALL...

THIS IS ONE OF THE GUNS I SHOT OUT OF THE GHOST BANDIT'S HANDS! IT'S THE SAME SHOOTING IRON THAT BELONGED TO MONTANA MIKE... EVEN HAS HIS INITIALS CARRIED ON IT!



AND THESE PEARL HANDLED SIX-SHOOTERS ARE THE SAME TYPE USED BY TWO-GUN JACK DUGGER! IS IT REALLY POSSIBLE THAT...? HELLO THERE PARONER! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'D RUN OFF AND DESERTED ME!



AFTER SADDLING UP HIS FAITHFUL HORSE...

HMMM! PARTNER'S FIGHTING FOR HIS HEAD! I RECKON HE WENT AHEAD AND FOLLOWED THOSE GHOST BANDITS TO THEIR HOOSTING PLACE! HOW HE WANTS TO LEAG ME THERE!



HMMM! THIS IS WHERE PARTNER WANTED ME TO COME! DON'T TELL ME THE BANDITS REALLY CAME BACK HERE! THIS PLACE IS ONLY FOR DEAD MEN!



BLT MONTA MIKE'S MATHS AND...

A TRAIL OF FRESH FOOTPRINTS LEADS RIGHT TO THIS HEADSTONE! AH, HERE'S THE ANSWER! IT'S A TRAP-DOOR AND THOSE STEPS LEAD DOWN TO SOME SORT OF CAVE!



I HEAR VOICES DOWN THERE! LOOKS AS IF I'VE FOUND THE GRAVE THAT THE GHOST BANDITS INHABIT!



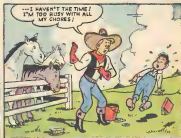
AND INSIDE THE CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED CAVE...

THE HOTEL ROBBERY WAS OUR LAST JOB, BOYS! WON'T SEE A LIVING SOUL LEFT IN THESE PINES AFTER THIS! YOU CAN KEEP THE WHOLE LOOT FOR YOURSELVES, AS USUAL!

YOU NEVER TAKE ANY OF THE LOOT, BOSS! NOW CAN THIS SETUP PAY OFF FOR YOU?









ONE DAY AS TOM MIX IS
HEADING BACK TO HIS HOME
TOWN, DOBE, AFTER A LONG
TRIP ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...

THIS IS A STRANGE PART OF
THE COUNTRY FOR US, TOM!
I HOPE WE REACH THE NEXT
TOWN BEFORE IT GETS DARK!



SAY! DOESN'T THAT
LOOK LIKE A MAN
CRAWLING OUT FROM
BEHIND THOSE
ROCKS?



IT IS A MAN! AND
HE LOOKS AS IF
HE'S BEEN BADLY
HURT!













WESTERN HERO



BUT RICHIE REMAINS CONSCIOUS-
HES AS TOM RIDES OFF.....

I'LL GET THE SHERIFF
AND WE'LL GO AFTER
THAT ROBBER!



THE SHERIFF QUICKLY ROUNDS
UP A POSSE AND LEAP BY
RICHIE THEY GO AFTER THE
INNOCENT TOM MIX!

SINCE HE HEADED UP
SPLIT MOUNTAIN WE
CAN CUT HIM OFF
BY TAKING THIS
SHORT CUT!



SHORTLY AFTER.....

I'VE SPOTTED THE
VAMANTS! I ONLY WISH
THERE WERE SOME WAY
TO REACH THEM WITHOUT
HAVING TO RIDE TO THE
TOP OF THIS MOUNTAIN
BUT THERE ISN'T, SO
LET'S KEEP GOING,
TOM!



SUPRENNY.....

THERE HE IS!
LET'S GET HIM!



(GASP) IT'S RICHIE AND
A POSSE! IF THEY
ARREST ME, THE TWO
ROBBERS WILL GET
AWAY AND I'LL BE
UNABLE TO PROVE
MY INNOCENCE!



JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO
I WAS HOPING THERE WAS
SOME SHORT CUT BY WHICH
I COULD CATCH UP TO THOSE
ROBBERS, BUT, SINCE THERE
ISN'T....



--- WE'LL HAVE TO
MAKE OUR OWN!
LET'S GO, TOM!



WILL TOM SURVIVE
THE DEATH-DEFYING LEAP?

WESTERN HERO





TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

BROADCAST ACTION

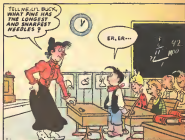
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home studies



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